

(To the Tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

When ARVN Comes Marching Home Again, hoorah, hoorah  
There'll be a lot of corruption then hoorah, hoorah  
The Nyugen's are in and the HO's are out  
The peasants they will curse and shout  
    and we'll all exchange P's when the ARVN comes  
    marching home  
When RF's give up the ghost again,  
    oh woe, oh woe  
The PF's they will also go,  
    oh woe, oh woe  
The PSDF's will tumble and shake  
The hamlet chiefs will also quake  
As eyes wonder,  
    "Who the next will be"  
Perhaps the Russians or the Chinese will take  
    control  
Perhaps the generals in Saigon will  
    play the role  
It's you and me and DIEN BIEN PHU  
Perplexily watching the Saigon Zoo  
    and THIEU or KY or MINH or who  
When ARVN Comes Marching Home....

(Sung to "God Bless America")

Buddha bless Sai-go-on  
Buddha bless old HUE  
    Bless Can-Tho  
    Bless Dalat  
    And the Man in palace today  
From old I Corps to the Delta  
    to the Highlands  
    Filled with "yards"  
Buddha bless them all  
    And guard especially our  
    own guards

DANANG

(Sung to Swanee)

Danang

How I love ya

How I love ya

My Dear Old Danang

The Folks down south in Saigon  
don't know

The Folks up north in Hanoi  
no, no

(I'm with ya)

Danang, I'm a singing

I'm a plugging

For all of I Corps

WE're soon to see results

WE're soon to bust our guts  
in helping you to help yourself

Gang, Danang is the place I want  
to save in old I Corps

The Folks up north, won't leave  
us alone

So we cannot give up and  
go home

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SAIGON CITY SUE

Tune: Sioux City Sue

I met a gal in old Saigon

I asked her what was new

She said I think this morning

They hold another coup

I don't know who they couped this time

I surely don't know who

The only thing I know for sure

We has a little coup!

## THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon  
And I think she banned the twist  
But she's a real cute, little dolly  
She's one I think I've missed  
You can talk about the President  
And about his brother Nhu  
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose  
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists  
And she hates the New York Times  
Because they always rib her  
And accuse her of awful crimes  
What's a little joke about cook-outs  
Or imported gasoline  
Why, that's mostly exaggeration  
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon  
Is just a poor little refugee  
Why she fled from Ho and Hanoi  
To make joke for you and me  
She's snowed General Maxwell Taylor  
And Ambassador Nolting too  
Got bright green light from JFK  
And three billion dollars too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon  
Stays off of Tu Do street  
She doesn't go much for loving  
But at intrigue can't be beat  
I look for many changes  
When she meets with Mr. Lodge  
Cause its said that he's a sucker  
For eastern camouflage.

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Yes my Little Rose of Saigon  
Is a veteran through and through  
She's careful with her money  
In case there is a Coup  
She's got to salvage something  
From this political enterprise  
Before the VC loose their fight  
And America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon  
Has left for the USA  
To be a UN observer  
In the good old fashion way  
You can talk about the President  
And about her husband Nhu  
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose  
If you know what's good for you.

#### WE ARE WINNING

We are winning, this we know  
General Harkins tells us so.  
Though in the Delta things are tough  
And in the highlands very rough,  
But the VC soon will go,  
Mr. Cabot tells us so.  
If you doubt them, who are you  
McNamara says so too.

## THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces  
There are lads from USOM too  
And the guys who fly the choppers  
And of course there's me and you.

### REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year  
You know damn well was spent right here,  
The longest year, the longest time  
That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer  
Than we thought in '62.  
We'd be home a whole lot sooner  
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

### REFRAIN

We were working in liaison,  
Told them everything we do,  
And they put it in the papers  
Said that we had planned a coup.

### REFRAIN

If they weren't out burning Buddhists  
Or scaling pagoda walls  
They were finding ways to screw us  
'Cause they had us by the neck.

### REFRAIN

If you ever come to Saigon,  
Follow my instructions, kid -  
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,  
You'll be very glad you did!

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## GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY

Some Yanks went out advising  
Down in Southern Vietnam.  
But the people they advised  
Didn't give a good Goddamn!  
The President and his family  
Were seating out a coup,  
And they blamed the whole "schamozzle"  
On the likes of me and you!

### CHORUS

Yipee aye yea! Yipee aye yea!  
Ghost advisors by and by  
Some Buddhists did a "slow burn",  
Up in Hue and in Saigon,  
And you couldn't "watch the birdies"  
Without dodging plastic bombs.  
The students, they got angry  
The government closed the schools  
And the "Times of Vietnam"  
Called U. S. a bunch of fools!

### CHORUS

These advisors were notorious  
For countering insurgency.  
They collected "Lessons Learned"  
For the Chief of "QUO VAN MY".  
They gathered tons of data,  
From the field in Vietnam  
(But down in Venezuela,  
It won't be worth a damn!).

### CHORUS

They worked for COMUSMACV  
And for the Chief of MAAG,  
Who told Bob McNamara  
That the war was "in the bag"  
That the Viet Cong were beaten  
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"  
(They didn't tell the insurgents:  
The omnipotent VCs!).

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

Yes, in the steaming jungles  
And the plains of mud and rice,  
Infested with mosquitoes,  
Viet Cong and body lice,  
There went the good advisors  
And some "Greenie Beanies too,  
To save the little country  
For the likes of Madame Nhu!

#### CHORUS

They advised the Civil Guard  
And the valiant SDC  
They advised the Vietnamese  
In the land, air and sea  
And when the fights were over  
When the "body-count" was in  
Our side lost a hundred  
And the VCs only ten!

#### CHORUS

They built Strategic Hamlets  
And they dispensed USOM aid..  
They convinced the Montagnards  
That they really had it made!  
They defoliated jungles,  
And herbicided rice,  
As long as Mr. Ambassador  
Could afford the going price!

#### CHORUS

Then they headed for the airfield,  
Out at good old TAN SON NHUT,  
With boarding passes in their hands  
and CIBs to boot!  
"Little soldiers of misfortune"  
And, "Tools of the CIA"  
They waited for jet planes  
To touch them broad runway!

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## CHORUS

Now buddy, listen to them  
And hear what they've got to say  
They're gonna board that aircraft  
So don't get in their way  
They'll "ZAP, you with their cross-bows  
And their home-made rifles too  
Cause there ain't seats enough on the aircraft  
For the likes of me and you.

## FINAL CHORUS

Yipee-aye-yeah! Yipee-aye-yeah  
Ghost advisors by and by!



## THE BALLAD OF CORDS

(Designed to be sung to the tune of "Puff, the Magic Dragon", or "The Wabash Cannon ball" -- if the latter, "The Ballad of the Co Van My" should precede "The Ballad of CORDS"

You've heard about our warriors, in uniforms of green  
There's damned near half a million of our troops who've  
made the scene

There's the Big Red One and the First Air Cav, and all  
those other hordes.  
But you've seldom heard a single word about the crea-  
ture known as CORDS

Now CORDS, the world's nith wonder wonder, was born in merry  
May  
With a mighty roar of thunder on a sultry Saigon day

And CORDS was nursed on nuoc mam and teethed on TNT  
Cause this poor bastard's parents were called OCO and  
MACV

Komer and Westmoreland loved that rascal CORDS  
and knew they had to teach him to weld plowshares onto  
swords

Now both CORDS' noble parents had fought for minds and  
hearts  
But CORDS set out to fight the war with view graph slides  
and charts

Yes OCO had its RD teams and MACV the brigade  
But CORDS rushed into battle with its briefers on parade

Uncle McNamara comes out from time to time  
To inspect the growing baby in the torrid tropic clime

He listens to the briefings and reviews the cadre groups  
And if RD is lagging he just sends more combat troops

The troops provide security so CORDS can pacify  
And require Saigon's bureaucracy to expand and multiply

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We once had several agencies to seek our common goals  
They had a common mission although each had different roles

Then we unified the agencies, for RD was moving slow  
and civilians in the field marched forth neathe the flag  
of OCO

But OCO died in labor when CORDS was born in May  
And CORDS is blessed with the MACV crest until the dying  
day.

### THE STREETS OF SAIGON

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon  
As I walked down Le Loi one day  
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen  
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor".  
These words he said as I slowly walked by.  
"Come sit down beside me and bear my sad story,  
"I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die. "

"It was once I ruled widely, once I ruled strongly"  
"And loved my sister or so they did say"  
"But I kept my brother and so ruled wrongly"  
"For those Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay. "

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin  
"Have the girls down at the Tu Do sing a love song  
"Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me  
"Now that USIS has scorned me  
"I know I've done wrong. "

"Oh blow the piper slowly and beat the drums loudly  
"Play a slow twist as you carry my pail  
"Put Dalat roses all over my coffin  
"To soften the tears of the press as they fail. "

## REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year  
Was spent in Viet Nam right here  
The longest year, the longest time  
That I have ever spent!

## STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,  
please fence me in.  
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,  
please fence me in!  
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,  
felt secure till the CG defected!  
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,  
please fence me in!  
Give me lemonade, bandaid, USOM aid, everything U.S. made.  
I asked for fertilizer, pig pens, bulgar wheat, and  
haven't got it yet.  
So I'll bark at the moon until they burn my fences.  
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses.  
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defences,  
please fence me in!

## ALREEVADERCHER SAIGON

Alreevadercher, Saigon  
We hope you win your war  
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,  
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong  
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons  
The Viet Cong hold them tight  
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets  
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets  
Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight

The Bao An steal our chickens  
The Dan Ve steal our rice  
And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar  
With the GVN acting so vulgar  
Is it any wonder that the V.C. seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces  
They're not on our frontier  
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes  
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes  
That's the reason for the shooting that you can hear!

They send us lots of Colonels  
With chickens on their necks  
They are working in coordination  
They are working in coordination  
They are making plans to win the war on top the Rex.

ALREEVADERCHER, Saigon  
We hope you win your war  
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,  
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong  
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

## I'VE STAYED TOO LONG

(Tune: I Wonder Why)

We don't need MAAG advisors  
We just take tranquilizers  
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors  
We don't need fertilizers  
We just need to get away from here.

We've been down in the Delta  
Where we've sure had to swelta  
We just need to get away from here.  
We can really hardly wait  
To get through that airport gate  
We're not chicken, we're just all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there  
I find leaflets underneath my chair  
I've got hash marks on my underwear  
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night  
Too much nuouc mam's spoiled my appetite  
I'm just one great big mosquito bite  
I guess I've lost the fight  
I've stayed too long.

## SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

They asked me how I knew my true love was true, I of course  
replied something here inside cannot be denied, They said  
some day you'll find all who love are blind but I smiled and  
said when your heart's on fire smoke gets in your eyes.  
So I chaffed and as I gaily laughed to think they could  
doubt my love yet today my love has flown away I am without  
my love. Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide  
When a lovely flame dies you must realize SMOKE GETS IN  
YOUR EYES.

TWELVE DAYS IN RANCH HAND (Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On my first day in Ranch Hand, my foreman gave to me,  
A province he said to plumb tree.

...second day... Two smoking engines...  
...third day... Three Goddamn lifts...  
...fourth day... Four runs through A shau...  
...fifth day... Five weeks at DaNang...  
...sixth day... Six slopes a'sleeping...  
...seventh day... Seven Purple Hearts...  
...eighth day... Eight ship formation...  
...ninth day... Nine nozzles leaking...  
...tenth day... Ten clicks of rubber...  
...eleventh day... Eleven hist'by .50's...  
...twelfth day... Twelve days to go...

SPRAY ON, SPRAY ON HARVEST RICE (Tune: Shine on Harvest Moon)

Spray on, spray on harvest rice, go get that crop!  
People say that this is escalation, and it's really got to stop.

Bertrand Russell says that this is not for you.  
So spray on, spray on harvest rice, for Abie and Thieu.

I'M A YOUNG RANCH HAND (Tune: Cowboy's Lament or Streets of Laredo)

I'm a young Ranch Hand, a rowdy young Ranch Hand  
I spray all the flowers until they do die.  
I spray in the valleys, I spray in the mountains  
I spray and I spray as long as I fly.

I spray up at Hoi An, I spray in the Delta  
I spray the whole country to help the G. I.  
I spray it with blue and I spray it with orange  
Get my purple provider as I say good-bye.

## WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Sprayed by Ranch Hands every one.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone?  
Sprayed by .50's every one.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the .50's gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the .50's gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the .50's gone?  
Sprayed by (fighter's call sign) every one.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the (fighter's call sign) gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the ( " ) gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the ( " ) gone?  
Drunk with Ranch Hands every one.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE RANCH HANDS

My eyes have seen the Ranch Hands as they start a spray on pass  
Dropping to low altitude as .50's come through the glass  
They've got one hand on the throttle  
And the other on a bottle  
Of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray.  
And I hope to do it again another day.

## BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many hectares can a Ranch Hand spray, before it all blows away?  
And how much rubber can a Ranch Hand kill, before Uncle Sam has to pay?

### CHORUS

The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many smokes can a Ranch Hand throw, before the fighters can strike?  
And how many hits can a Ranch Hand take, pretending it's something  
he likes?

### CHORUS

How much Mateus can a Ranch Hand drink, at the Da Nang Ranch-in?  
And how many clubs can a Ranch Hand wreck, on only a bottle of gin?

### CHORUS

## 390TH TEW SONG

Hi Ziggy, Ziggy, fat little piggy, Blue Boar,  
The F-4 is a fat whore without a bomb door.  
Two engines to go, to see Uncle Ho,  
And a tanker to feed her when dry. Suck, suck, suck.

Hey MIGgy, MIGgy, I'm a little piggy, Blue Boar,  
With your belly up, you're a sitting duck, Oh shit! I missed.  
He's back through the flak, with you on my back,  
And a seat that is covered with crap. Crap, crap, crap.

See the missiles come, you're a lousy burn, SAM site,  
Hope the burners light, we don't want to fight, Knock, Knock. Bat shit!  
We'll drop all the bombs, on North Vietnam,  
We're going home empty tonight, Dump, Dump, Dump